THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

OCTOBER 27, 1889.

ORIENTAL SMOKERS.

Pretty Women Who Consume a Hundred Cigarettes a Day and Others Who

STICK TO THE WATER PIPE.

The Betel Chewers of Siam and the Little Pipes of the Japanese.

HOW DIFFERENT NATIONS USE TOBACCO

Baby Smokers of Farther India-Children Who Chewna Soon as They Are Wenned -The Sauffers of North China-Oriental Monarchs Who Smoke and Some Who Do Not-The Queen of Korea and Her American Cigarettes-The Weed in the Land of the Sping-The Great Probibitionist of the East.

> (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) IRTUE travels



on foot: vice runs over the world at telegraphic speed. Tobacco was unknown until America was discovered. A half century later it had been introduced into China,

and within a few generations the whole world was using it. You will hardly find a place on this big round earth where the people do not now smoke, and the Orient has become the home of tobacco. The almondeved Japanese swallow more smoke than they do rice; the pig-tailed Chinaman glories in his cheap pig-tail plug, and some of the biggest and best cigars in the world are made by the women of Burmah. The queen of benighted Kores smokes American cigarettes by the thousand, and the harem the Sultan is filled with fair ladies who elight in the hookah.



before the visitor with a cup of deficious tea at the beginning of his call. Seated on his bare feet, cross-legged on the floor, he picks up a coal with a pair of Iron chopsticks and drops it into his little pipe, and smokes dur-ing his sips while he chats. His pipe has a metal bowl, less that, the size of a thimble, He carries his tobacco in a pouch at his waist, and you note that it is cut fine, like the tobacco of Egypt. He rolls a pinch of it up into a ball before he puts it into his pipe, and the pipe is so small that two whiffs will exhaust its contents.

HE SWALLOWS THE SMOKE

and expels it through his nostrils, and then cleans out the pipe by knocking it against the brass bowl of the hibachi. He takes from 10 to 50 such smokes every day, and as he goes from place to place he carries his pipe stuck in at the belt of his gown. Some of the most beautiful art works of Japan are pipe-holders, and balls of ivory made in the shape of figures, which hang at one end These last are known as netsukes, and they the pouch of tobacco to it.

Since the revolution eigarette smoking has become very common in Japan, and I had the pleasure of smoking cigarettes with the Supreme Court and the various officers of the Government. Tes and tobacco was offered me at the entrance of every department, and I did not make a single call in the whole country where I did not find to-

The Koreans are the laziest smokers I have ever seen, and they have the right to call tobacco by one of its Japanese names, which is "the fool's herb, or the poverty



weed." Outside of the most squalid of Korean mud huts you seldom fail to find a bigolpe as long as a walking cane. In the vilages you will see groups of such men, or of boys like them, squatted on their heels in a ring, each with a pipe showing out under his big hat. The bowls of these pipes are about as big as a small chestnut, and they rest on the ground, while the other end of the pipe is between a pair of Korean lips, or the owner is talking, is resting lazily against his lower teeth. The higher the rank of the Korean the longer his pipe stem. A Yangban, or noble, considers a long pipe a badge of aristocracy, as it requires a slave at hand to light it for him. The Korean smokes these long pipes as he walks along the street, and every man and boy carries his tobacco pouch tied to his waist. His other personal belongings he carries in a big sleeve in his gown, but his tobacco pouch is a work of art. It is of leather or cloth, beautifully embroidered, and it hangs down from his beltjust over his belty. Babies wear these bouches, but I understand the children

SMOKE BEFORE THEY CAN WALK.

smoke the pipes of the country. Their only smoking is done in the company of their husbands and of their few lady friends. They are never seen on the streets, and such to bacco as they have is bought by their husbacco as they have is bought by their hus-bands. There are few pipe stores in Korea, but you find tobacco and pipe stores in every Japanese village, and some of the pipes of Japan are costly and are works of high art. The Korean merchant removes neither his hat nor his pipe when he waits upon you; and, during such shopping as I did in the Korean capital, I was not given a single invitation to smoke. The Chinese smoke early and often, and

a single invitation to smoke.

The Chinese smoke early and often, and it is as good as a play to watch one of the nobles of China using tobacco. He prefers the water-pipe, and he has a servant who puts the pipe stem in his mouth and waits till he has taken half a dozen whiffs before he carries it away again. The smoke comes bubbling through the liquid, and the almond eyes of the Celestial sparkle with enjoyment as the nicotine enters his blood. Li Hung Chang smokes in this way, and during the interview which I had with him at Tien Tsin his servant held a pipe with a stem at least four feet long to his lips, and lighted it for him at intervals of ten minutes. The great viceroy took about ten whiffs at a time, and then the servant took the pipe away, pulled out its metal bowl. the pipe away, pulled out its metal bowl, refilled it with tobacco, bringing it back a little later on to patiently hold it to his Excellency's lips while he smoked.



A Burmese Lady Smoking.

They have a tobacco much like the America pigtail twist, which they cut up for smok-ing, and they are largely addicted to snuff. You will find snuff stores in the larger cities, delight in the hookah.

In Japan men, women and children are fond of smoking, and one of the most necessary articles of household furniture is the little tobacco hibachi; or box, about eight inches square, which, containing a bowl of charcoal and a round bamboo tube, is placed BABY SMOKERS.

The baby smokers of the world are found in Siam and Burmah. I saw little tots of 4, as naked as on the day they were born, trot ting about Bangkok with cigarettes in their mouths, and the babies of Rangoon and Mandaiay are taught to chew the betel nut, mixed with tobacco, as soon as they are weaned. The Siamese children, like their fathers, use their ears as cigarette and cigar holders, and the lack of clothand cigar holders, and the lack of clothing or pockets on the part of the little ones necessitates their carrying these articles over their ears, as the American clerk carries his pencil or pen. I saw one noble Siamese boy with a shaved head and a string about his waist, who had a cigarette over each ear and another in his mouth. His father, who was with him, was also smoking, and his mother had a cigarette between her lips. When the party went away the mother took up the naked smok. away the mother took up the naked smoking boy, and balancing him on her bip, walked off, both smoking as they went. The thousand odd women who make up the harem of the Siamese King all smoke and chew, and it takes a good part of his Majesty's \$10,000,000 a year to pay his tobacco bill. Each lady has to have her betel spit-toon, which is of decorated china, the size of a coffee cup, and, if she is a favorite, she has also a silver box in which to carry her tobacco and betel nut: The women of Burmsh, like the smokert



of Siam, use their ears as eigar-holders, bu

An East Indian Pipe

they use them in a different way. Every Burmese girl prides herself on the size of the hole she can make in the lobes of her ears, and I have seen Burmese ears which had holes in them as big around as a napkin ring. These holes are made when the girls are young, and the lobe both stretches and grows until it gets as big around as the thumb of a big-boned man. Into these holes some of the poorer women of Burmah put their eigarettes or eigars when they move from one place to another. Cigars are more used than anything else, and the Burmese cigar is the biggest of its kind in general use. It is from eight to ten inches long, and is often more than an inch in

LOVE AND TOBACCO.

The Burmese women are very beautiful, and even these big cigars cannot take away the beauty of their juicy red lips. They make the mouth look a little large while they are in them, but it resumes its natural size when the young lady, holding the cigar between her two first fingers, blows the smoke out in a stream. It is not unusual smoke out in a stream. It is not unusual for a Burmese maiden to make her lover a bundle of cigars as a present during their courtship, and some of the best of the Burmese imported cigars are made by women. They have their cigar booths in the bazaars, and they know how to sell at a profit. The Burmese always smoke after meals, and they chew the betel nut at the same time that they smoke, though many of them only chew in the intervals between the smokes. The Buddhist priests of Siam and Burman are inveterate smokers, and a common sight is a crowd of bare-headed, shaved-pated men in yellow gowns, trotting along with cigars or cigarettes in their mouths, and with bowls in their hands, going around to collect the offerings of rice which the people give them

offerings of rice which the people give them for their sustenance.

The Burmese are very social in their smoking, and I saw eigars passed from one sweet maiden to another in the bazaars, and I saw a young man accept with a smile the cigar of a belle and smoke it while she waited upon me and tried to sell me some waited upon me and tried to sell me some silk at an extravagant rate. Smoking is common during courtship, and I doubt not that these big Burmese cigars undergo the same method of exchange as does the wad of succulent gum among the lovers in the mountains of Tennessee.

It is different in India. Love-making there is a matter of bargain and sale, and such smaking as is done during the realistics.

such smoking as is done during the making of matches is between the match-makers and the fathers who wish to sell or bind their girls to infant marriages. The women of India smoke, but they do not do it during Both the Emperor and his son are eigarette amokers, and the women of Kores bacco, like opium, is used to a certain ex
NOULD you know the secret of English
women's great charm—white, perfect teeth?

Atkinson's Oriental Tooth Paste.

tent to lessen the pangs of hunger and to de-crease the appetite. It is raised in every province in India, and very nearly \$750,000 worth are exported yearly.

INDIAN WATER PIPES. The Indian pipes are of all kinds and descriptions. A very common one stands about as high as a baseball club. At its bottom is a bowl as big around as a cocoanut, and often in fact made of a cocoanut. This contains water. It has a hole inside of it, and at its top there is a pipe about an inch or an inch and a half in diameter, which runs up for two feet, and at the top of which there is a bowl in which the tobacco is placed. The smoker sucks a hole at the side of the cocoanut, and he sometimes has a flexible tube with a mouthpiece, the end of which is insected as the label and the visc

flexible tube with a mouthpiece, the end of which is inserted in this hole, and the pipe then stands upon the ground. The hookah, or water pipe, is in use to some extent among the Mohammedans of India, and cigars and cigarettes are common. They are very chean, and are not very good.

Some of the best tobacco in the world is found along the Mediterranean Sea, and a great part of the revenue of the Sultan and Khedive comes from tobacco. The weed is a monopoly in both Turkey and Egypt, and the Khedive, in order to collect a big import duty on tobacco, has prohibited its raising in the country by a tax of nearly \$160 an acre. The result is that American tobacco is now imported into Egypt. It comes in the shape of tobacco for cigarettes, and it is sent first to France or England and thence shipped to Egypt, The Turkish toand it is sent first to France or England and thence shipped to Egypt. The Turkish to-baccos are very light and sweet, and they are popular all over Europe. Turkish cigarettes and Egyptian cigarettes are known everywhere, and there is scarcely a man, woman or child in Egypt who does not smoke. You see Turkish merchants in the bazaars, with long hookahs before them, puffing away while they meditate upon Allah or drone over the pages of the Koran. You see smart young Egyptians in the high-cut broadcloth coats of official rank puffing cigarettes, and I am told that the dear little ladies of the harem smoke their scores of cigarettes every day. Prominent among all the rulers of the East, the Khedive of Egypt has set a good example to his people by neither smoking nor drinking. He offered me a cigarette during the interview I had with him, and he told me he did not smoke because he believed it the interview I had with him, and he told me he did not smoke because he believed it was not good for him. He abstains from liquor on the ground of personal health, and of the prohibition against drinking con-tained in the Koran, and he is the great Prohibitionist of the East.

TARIFF ON TOBACCO. You can buy good eigarettes in Egypt for

70 cents a thousand, and, notwithstanding the heavy taxation, the eigarettes of Con-I found American cigarettes for sale in nearly every country of the East, and the best of our brands go everywhere. American

best of our brands go everywhere. American tobacco is always expensive abroad, and the whole world acknowledges that we make as good an article as any other country.

I saw no chewing whatever, save that of the betel nut, which is common in various parts of India and in Siam, Burmah and Malacca. I found the Manilla cigars for sale all along the Pacific coast, and I am told that these are made largely by women. told that these are made largely by women, who roll the cigars on their bare knees, and who fasten the leaves by licking them with their lips.

their lips.

There is a tariff tax on tobacoo nearly everywhere over the world. The manufacture is a monopoly in France and Italy, and one of the first things that is searched for in the baggage of the traveler is boxes of cigars. I shall not soon forget a curious experience I shall not soon forget a curious experience I had with an ostrich egg. It was covered with Arabic carving, and was a very pretty work of Egyptian art. I carried it in a square cigar box, in which it just fitted when well packed with cotton. The moment my trunks were opened at station after station on the frontiers of various countries, the officers would pounce upon this. Their faces would brighten and they would shoot faces to state the control of the countries. fiscation of some good cigars. When the box was opened their smiles became frowns, and their bright eyes were shaded with sad-FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THEY CURLED HIS HAIR.

Girl Jokers' Fun That Doesn't Please the Young Men a Bit. Chicago Mall.?

I met a friend who always looks rather chipper the other day and asked him why he wore his hat tilted down on his nose. "Well," he said, "it's just like this: In the first place there were two of us, and my friend said he'd like to have me take him down to see some girls I knew on Oakwood avenue. Of course I agreed, and we went. Now, by the way, did you, on the dead square, ever see a girl with sense—I mean good, sound man's sense? Of course you didn't. I thought I did when I met these Finest girls I ever saw, and I got people. Finest girls I ever saw, and I got to be right at home in the house. Well, I wasn't feeling any too well when we got there, and after awhile I went out in the Then one of the girls came out and when I told ber I was sick she said she was real sorry, and the good, kind creature drew up a chair and sat down beside me and commenced to rub my forehead. Now, I know I ain't built like a fool, but hanged if I didn't go to sleep. Couldn't help it for the life of

"I don't know how long I slept, but I dreamed I was a boy again, and 'hitching on' the back of a 'bus, and that the driver had swiped me across the forehead with his whip. Did I wake up? Well, I should say so! And what do you suppose it was?

A red-hot, sizzling curling-iron that
those female jokers had been curling
my hair with while I was asleep. I turned my head and they didn't know any better than to let go of the thing and it hung onto my forelock and baked me. I've got sense enough to cover up the wound with my hat, so folks won't think I'm a branded criminal,

A TALK WITH WHITTIER.

The Quaker Poet Wishes Half of His Peem Had Been Destroyed.

Detroit Free Press. The visitors left, and Mr. Whittier camin and sat between my friend and myself in a pleasant, familiar way. He is tall and slight, and dresses in a clerical black with gray derby hat when he goes out-the Quaker gray. One can hardly imagine him writing heroic verses, or firm as a rock in his own convictions of right. Mr. Whittier is quite deaf. I told him how much the people of Michigan loved him, and how his book was almost a text book in the schools

"I have written too much," he said, with a deprecating motion of his wasted hand.
"I wish about half of it could have been destroyed, but I tried to do the best I could at the time. I wish now much of it had never

been written."

When asked which poem was his favorite he said that he did not know that any one in particular was, but that he wrote "Snow Bound" after the death of his mother and Bound" after the death of his mother and sister, and it seemed to embody his own feelings more than any other. We told him how the "shut in" society of Michigan, the invalid circle, loved and enjoyed his poems, and he was much interested. Then I mentioned the fact that two verses of his "Eternal Goodness" were creed and gospel to so many shipwrecked souls who had no special belief. I quoted the stanza:

"I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air, I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care,"

"It would be a deplorable condition to be in to be beyond the reach of His love and care," Mr. Whittier said, "I only wrote

MODERN CHAPERONS. Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren Tells Why Girls Should be Chaperoned.

A DISCREET MATRON NECESSARY To Watch Over the Innocent But Heedless Conduct of Ingenues.

A FEW WORDS TO AMERICAN GIRLS WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The first, best and most-to-be-desired chaperon for any young girl must assuredly be the mother—she who has brooded over her fledgling when a baby with tender devotion, who has watched her sweet bud of promise mature, who has from year to year assisted the development of the being con-

> As the skillful gardener knows well in advance the effect he seeks to produce upon his flowers by assiduous culture, knows even the delicate shading to be looked for as each petal expands, so a good mother holds in her heart a hidden lore, connected with the life of her child, all unknown to the rest of the world. She may not be able to communicate this knowledge to others, for it is hers by the sacred right of intuition.

This prerogative of guidance a mother This prerogative of guidance a mother may always justly claim. It is a part of the holy mystery of motherhood.

To our apprehension this matter of maternal chaperonage does not seem an adaptation to the artificial requirements of the social world, but rather an inherent right—a natural claim, which a wise and careful mother cannot well forego.

At the very time when her child is launched forth from the safe and sheltered home moorings into the swift and dangerous currents of the voyage of life, the mother is

currents of the voyage of life, the mother is most needed to pilot her dear charge past all

most needed to pilot her dear charge past all quicksands and sunken rocks.

She can supply by her knowledge the ignorance of youth.

I would not ask why should a mother chaperon her daughter, but rather formulate my question into, Why should a mother not chaperon her daughter?

I fancy in the discussion of such a proposition it will be found more difficult to prove the negative, and when the subject is once properly understood, it must be conceded that a mother should assuredly continue her care. tinue her care.

There exists no reason why she should

But the question becomes rather more complicated, perhaps, when the mother may have died, or when from any cause it becomes impossible for her to perform this

A COMMON MISTAKE, .

Then the American girl asserts herself.
She has been reared in an independence of thought and action which makes her dissatisfied with all restraint.

She coustrues chaperonage as espionage.

She declares that she will not tolerate being watched, and avers that she must be alowed entire freedom and liberty of action, lowed entire freedom and liberty of action, and she asserts that her own perceptions of right and wrong, and her innate delicacy of sentiment, are all that is needed to make it quite safe for her to go wherever and whenever she chooses and to do whatever she wills to do.

Now this is true, and it is not true.

In the first place it is a mistake to confound chaperonace with estionace.

found chaperonage with espionage.

To suppose that a chaperon is a spy on one's actions is a perversion of the proper functions of such an office. A chaperon is either a mother or a selected matroniv friend. tender interest or

friendliness is the best guarantee against misconstruction.

A young girl is supposed to be guileless, artless and confiding. These are very loveable traits, which will doubtless some day contribute to the happiness of a home circle of her own; but just in proportion as these attractions exist they become dangerous without guidance from their very nature, and on account of the inexperience of youth.

Then young girls, even if ever so carefully trained, as to understand the nicer conven-tionalities that regulate the polite world, are inclined to be heedless, and carried away for the time being by the exhilaration of a gay life. Thus, with the best disposition to do only what is proper, they commit errors

that in a measure misrepresent them, and which they afterward regret. Now, it is obvious that the dignified press. ence of a matron who loves them, or is at all interested in them, would check all inadvertent indiscretion from the outset, and thus in the end greatly contribute to their future well-being and happiness.

The situations are innumerable that sug-

gest themselves where such a safeguard would be the greatest kindness. The French have a pithy saying, that "it is the first step that costs." How true!

At what cost of vain and unavailing regret might the wise chaperon spare a heedless A facility of broken engagements as well as of divorce would seem to go hand in hand. It is in either case a broken troth.

DUTIES OF THE CHAPERON. Now one of the special duties of the

Now one of the special duties of the mother or the chaperon is to guard their marriageable wards as far as possible in receiving the attention of men.

An engagement, announced or unannounced, is always more or less compromising, and should in honor be deemed a sacred promise not to be violated, unless for

grave and most serious reasons.

A young girl unguided is not very apt to weigh all consequences, and the future is to her very dreamy. She lives in her emotions and in the present, and sadly needs the aid of a pair of loving spectacled eyes to make her illusions safe realities.

There are so many little things, which are

There are so many little things, which are not as trivial as they would seem, where a clear judgment is needed. For instance, in the matter of receiving presents. It is understood that a gentleman has the privilege of sending flowers and perhaps, if the friendship is well established, boxes of bon-bons to a lady. As to presents having a money value they are, of course, out of the question.

Yet the frequent acceptance of even these simple gifts is to be avoided, for to make these offerings habitually is a conceded and incumbent thing for a lover to offer to his fiancee—so much so that there is a society phrase concerning these little gifts calling them "the regulation box of Huyler's," etc.

There is a very narrow dividing line, therefore, between the permissible and the not permissible. One takes it for granted that no woman other than a heartless flirt willfully encourages the attentions of a man simply for the vain gratification of being able to count his name among offers refused, and therefore that any woman of fused, and therefore that any woman of average astateness can readily check "intentions" of marriage before a man becomes too deeply interested. It is also kind, to say the very least, to spare a man's vanity the mortification of a refusal.

SOCIETY AS A NEMESIS. It is a strange fact that, in almost every instance where a vain coquette has openly boasted of her conquests, she ends by acof gratified vaiu-glory seems to seize her and cloud her judgment. Society then acts as a Nemesia, and comes

Society then acts as a Nemesis, and comes in with its cruel and persistent memory, and the unfortunate contrastol what is and, what might have been is not forgotten by the "four hundred." How often is the sarcastic remark made concerning some belle, of "what a poor choice she made afterall!" Or, a score of years later, one may meet a faded beauty bearing an obscure name, and all that is of any interest concerning her is the remark that she once refused some self-made

man whose name electrifies because he has made a distinguished career. Perhaps a se-date chaperon might have better discrimi-nated if consulted.

nated if consulted.

I once knew the wife of a man whose name belongs to the history of the country, who, upon being told that a certain lady had once refused her husband, pathetically exclaimed, "I am so grateful to her."

With this warning to heedless girls, who perhaps would not, if guided by chaperons, have made such sad blunders, I wish to explain that I do not mean to say that voints.

plain that I do not mean to say that youth should walk with the slow and measured step of age. Not at all.

The gay light-heartedness of a young girl is delightful, and, like the pearly morning dew, exhales long before the loveliness of bloom is touched. It is a transparent atmosphere of beauty, which of its very nature must be evanescent. must be evanescent.

And the mother or older friend rejoices in

this to them renewed freshness that recalls their own youth, and seeks to shield this exquisite charm that it may expand into a perfect flower, and not be too rudely dispelled.

pelled.

Dear American girls, you are true in all womanliness; you are adepts in gracious and winning ways that are numberless; in strength of purpose you are undaunted, as becomes the daughters of brave men; given all this—yet—are you not—well—just a trifle too self-poised, self-reliant and self-asserting? THE ROSEBUD'S CHARM.

Would it not add a peerless charm were you to incline a little, in graceful compliance to the parent stalk?

Would it not be safer?
The sunflower holds a very high head, it is beaming, diffusive, and strong; but he who looks upon it passes on and seeks the fragrant heart of the blushing rosebud, which he craves as his very own.

It may be admissible to receive alone the visits of young men, but one finds as they

It may be admissible to receive alone the visits of young men, but one finds as they grow older and make the retrospect, that if a mother had been present an added dignity would have been gained.

It may be very merry to drive out alone with an agreeable man, but it may not always be so pleasant to realize afterward that your innocent recreation has been misconstrued.

A theater party must have its chaperon for, in the very presence of a public that is not always the most fastidious, there should

not always the most fastidious, there should be every possible protection.

Parties and dances of young people without the restraining presence of their seniors should not be encouraged. These may be conducted with the greatest decorum, but in the social life of young girls it is bad form to subject them to any hazards.

Modern society is complex and concrete. It has its meaning in all its rules. It is the result of the advanced ideas of ages of development, and it is consequently neither aimless nor senseless, while its conventionalities are the expressed formula of civilization.

Of course this does not imply a blind subservience to the capricious dictates of fash-ion. These are apt to be as inane as their originators, and it is a safe rule, so far as dress and the manner of our entertainments go, to avoid being noticed. It is such a paitry ambition to be known for what one has or wears rather than for what one

In conclusion, I am sure that when American girls reflect upon the advantages to be derived from the presence of a kind mother or friend in their social life, they will divest themselves of the mistaken notion of being watched or restrained, and really desire the aid of such affectionate or friendly solicitude.

MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

A MISSOURI ORATOR'S DESCENT. He Comes Down to Thrash a Rough, The Calmly Resumes His Speech.

New York Sun. 1

Down in Southwest Missouri four or five to whoop 'er up on the glorious Fourth. The citizens had contributed in a liberal spirit, the day was fine, and the crowd large and enthusiastic. The orator of the day was a slim, cadaverous looking man from St. Joe. To stand looking man from St. Joe. To stand off and look him over, you'd have bet your last dollar that an old gander could have run him all around a ten-aere field. There were some lofty spirits in town that day, and one of them was Jim Bucks, a mixture of patriotism, whisky, high jump, and rough and tumble. Jim sized the orator up, determined to have some fun with him, and took a seat directly in front of him as he stood on the platform to speak. The orator hadn't spoken 100 words before Jim interrupted him. He did this twice more and was warned to go slow. He twice more and was warned to go slow. He didn't go much on dreams or warnings, how-ever, and watched for another opportunity. Pretty soon the orator said:
"And so this little band of pilgrim

fathers set out with stout hearts and un wavering faith in search of-"
"In search of skunks!" interrupted Jim

"In search of skunks!" interrupted Jim. The orator made a long jump, lighted down on Jim Bucks, and inside of two minutes he had him licked so thoroughly that Mrs. Bucks would have passed him by for a splatter of pumpkin jelly, which had dropped from a dinner basket. When satisfied that this work was thoroughly done, the orator returned to the platform and continued in the turned to the platform, and continued in the same calm and unruffled tones:

"—liberty of speech and freedom of con-science, and they found them at Plymouth He went on and delivered a really elo-

He went on and delivered a really elo-quent speech, lasting nearly an hour, and he was just concluding when Jim Buck crawled out from under a wagon half a mile away, where he had been laid, and queried of those around him:

"Say! is that feller still speakin' or fightin'? Durn me, but I didn't 'spose ora-tory included jumpin' Jim Buck's liver out of his body!"

HISTORY OF THE PORK. How It Was Originally Used-The Noble

Byzantine's Wife. It seems clear enough, in the light of negative evidence, that the few forks included in the silverware of the Middle Ages were not used as forks are used to-day. Since kitchen forks served as spits and for holding roasts, it is probable that the high-born lords and ladies of those times, who only appear to have possessed these instruments, used their silver forks for toasting their bread at the breakfast room fire. There is some direct evidence that they were employed to hold substances particularly disagreeable or inconvenient to handle, as toasted cheese, which would leave an unpleasant smell, or sticky sugared dainties; or soft fruits, the juice of which would stain the fingers.

Only one incident is related of the use of the fork in the nineteenth century fashion.

This was by a noble lady of Byzantium who had married a doge of Venice, and continued had married a doge of Venice, and continued in that city to eat after her own custom, cutting her meat very finely up and conveving it to her mouth with at wo-pronged fork. The act was regarded in Venice, according to Petrius Damianus, as a sign of excessive luxury and extreme effeminasy. It suggests a probability that the fashion of eating with forks originated at the imperial court of Byzantium and thence extended to the West. Some hundreds of years had still to pass before it could be domiciliated in Europe, for this doge's Byzantine wife lived in the eleventh century, while the fashion of eating with forks did not become general till the seventeenth century. seventeenth century.

Nine Trying Children Hartford Religious Journal.]

"The youngest of nine children which tried men's souls." This is the way it reads in the obituary sketch in a cotemporary The line, "Who were born in times," is lef out, and should be inserted after the wore "children" in the first sentence.

A BREACH OF FAITE

A NORSE-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



fthe preacher in a terrific voice of warning and menace, "who shall teach you to fiee rom the wrath to come?"

rom the wrath to come?"

The boys, supposing the admonition was addressed to them, grew quite alarmed, and, seating themselves on a log in front of the wood shed, in various awkward attitudes, glanced at each other with a half-cowed and shame-faced bravado. But they presently forgot their scare, and then commenced anew the same punching and pinching and challenging brag, which led to fresh quarrels.

reis.
"I know where there is a skunk," said
Thorsten Stietten, a tow-headed, freekled
and chunky lad of 13.
"I saw a drunk man yesterday," observed

Gunnar Matson, promptly accepting the

challenge.

He was a tall, handsome youth of 14, whose coat sleeves and trousers were much too short for him.

"My father has a cousin who is in fail," retorted Thorsten, determined not to be

beaten.

"But my father killed a man in Norway," cried Gunnar, triumphantly.

"That's a lie in your throat."

"It is no such thing."

In a flash they had both tumbled down from the log, grappled, and, swaying to and fro, fought like tigers. The other boys, wholly oblivious of the prayer meeting, yelled with delight, and shouted encouragement to the combatants, while the girls on the steps faced about quickly and strove no more to disquise their interest. Even the devout people about the windows began to gravitate slowly toward the seene of the conflict, and a vague sense of the disturbance communicated itself within the sitting room, where the penitents began to look back over their shoulders and ceased to fol-

This flattering attention spurred the Boys to do their best. They pulled each other's hair and ears, planted blow upon blow in each other's foreheads, tried to "hook" each other's legs, and resorted to all the dodges recognized in the art of self-defense. But they were pretty evenly matched; Thorsten making up in brawn what he lacked in size.



They were yet in the midst of the fierce struggle and both heroically determined not to give up when suddenly a tall matronly woman was seen pushing her way through the crowd. Without undignified excitement, but with a stern, set face which was much more awiul, she swooped down upon the unsuspecting Gunnar, grabbed him by the collar of his coat, shook him as if he had been a bag of straw and carried him off in disgrace. He strove in a half-hearted way to exhibit a hilarity which be was far from feeling; and the forced grin hearted way to exhibit a hilarity which he was far from feeling; and the forced grin of mock joility which he turned toward the disappointed spectators was rather pathetic than cheerful. It did not occur to him to make any resistance, however. He allowed himself to be dragged meekly as a lamb through the crowd in the hall into the stuffy

sitting room, where the foul air soon sobered his combative zeal.

"Now," whispered his mother, giving him a little admonitory shake, "listen to the word of God, and repent of your wicked-

The boy tried hard to listen and still harder to repent, but, strive as he might, his thoughts would tevert to the fight. He regretted bitterly that it had been interrupted before he had triumphed over his enemy. He saw plainly now where he had neglected an opportunity to trip Thorsten up, and he wished he could have had the chance over again. again.

The parson, in the meanwhile, was thun-

The parson, in the meanwhile, was thundering away, threatening his parishioners with eternal woe if they departed from the pure Lutheran faith or sent their children to the "godless" American schools. He was a young man of somewhat squatty figure, inclined to stoutness, with tat, flushed face and short, stubly hands, covered on the backs with coarse brown hair. His head, too, had a dense growth of the same adornment, parted on the left side; but a few tufts of rebellious hair stood straight up on the crown and at the parting. Though he had shaved in the morning, the brown beard root was more than visible on his chim. His nose and mouth, too, had a touch of coarseness, and his whole appearance made the impression of a man in whom the Old Adam was strong, though probably kept in proper discipline.

was strong, though probably kept in proper discipline.

"No doctrine has destroyed more souls, my brethren"—thus ran his impassioned discourse—"than that seductive saying, invented by the devil himself, that every man is saved by his own faith—that is, that any faith, whether false or true, has the power to save. Why then have ye called ministers of the true faith—the pure and undiluted Lutheran faith—to instruct you here in your Babylonio exile, if Methodist or Baptist or Unitarian doctrines, perhaps, might do just as well? I declare unto you, brethren in the Lord, you are a little faithful band of the elect in the midst of this land of Egyptian darkness and unless you hold together, stand by each other and the pure Lutheran faith—and hold aloof from all intercourse with the pestiferous sectories who infest the region round about us, ye will imperil your soul's salvation. Ye can no longer

WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH



HERE was a prayer meeting at Lars Steens rod's farm. The sitting room was to row ded with people; a nd all around the most of the steen were standing, straining their ears to catch the words that fell from the preacher's lips. A current of foul, moist air, poured out into the hallway, where men and women stood packed together like herring in a barrel. Outside in the farmyard some small boys, now and them forgetting the solemnity of the occasion, fell to punching and teasing each other, and were sternly rebuked by their elders as soon as their altercations became audible. Half a dozen young girls in calico gowns and colored kerchiefs on their heads made a feint of listening to the fervid discourse, of which a phrase now and then reached them; but watched furtively the unregenerate behavior of the boys and snickered whenever one got the better of the other.

"Oh ye generation of vipers," shouted fifthe preacher in a terrific voice of warning and menace, "who shall teach you to flee

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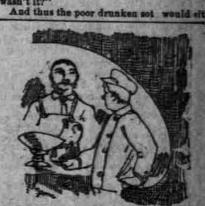
pledged themselves in writing for an amount which he thought fair. If any one, knowing that his turn would come next, tried to steal away unobserved, the sealous clergyman dexterously intercepted him, and

It was true that Gunnar's father had killed a man in Norway, and that had been the prime cause of his emi-grating to the United States. He had scarcely been to blame, however, for the homicide, for Osmund Galt had attacked him first, and he had to kill him in self-defense. So the judge declared, though he was by no means favorably dis-posed toward the defendant, and Hans Matson was acquitted. It was, as usual, a girl that was at the bottom of the trouble, for Hans and Osmund had been aspirants for the hand of Martha Vik, and she had pre-

Hans and Osmund had been aspirants for the hand of Martha Vik, and she had preferred Hans.

After his acquittal Hans bought a ticket for New York; and the story was told (though some pretended to doubt it) that Martha followed him to Christiania, and met him on board the steamer when land was out of sight. She was desperately in love with him, people said. However that may be, sure it was that they were married by a Lutheran missionary in New York, and, during the same spring, took homestead land in Minnesota. But, somehow, Hans did not turn out as good a farmer as his wife had expected. He worked by fits and starts: but was more interested in learning English than in burning stumps. Nearly every cent he had brought with him went for live stock and agricultural implements, and when, after a miserable summer in a dug-out, a simple log house was completed, and sheds were built for the cattle, they had to mortgage the farm in order to meet expenses. Then Gunnar was born, and things went straight for awhile. Hans took hold of the farm work in good earnest, and met the first payment on the mortgage, but then he lapsed into meditation again and his old restlessness got the upper hand. He had an idea that, if he could break away from his countrymen and all Norse associations, he had a fair chance of winning fame





Gunnar lived in this state of idville satis-

faction, until he was 17 years old. At least he tried hard to persuade himself that he was content. And yet there would be time when a sudden disgust would possess him, and the fature that was in store for him. could not suppress a restless year take the dangerous plunge; if only his skill as a swimmer. The great his ancestors, which Salveson had re to him in more or less distorted to had set his blood coursing at a tempo; and vague visions of glory, and substantial like clouds at su flamed his imagination. But on the hand there was his father's father.